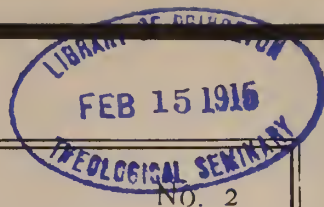


ISSUED MONTHLY

VOL. 46



THE

MISSIONARY LINK



FOR THE

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA

FEBRUARY, 1915

ADDRESS.—MISSIONARY LINK, ROOM 67, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

SUBSCRIPTION, 50CTS. PER ANNUM

Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, 1896

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THE MISSIONARY LINK

This organ of the "Woman's Union Missionary Society of America" is issued monthly. Subscription, 50c. a year. Life members will receive the MISSIONARY LINK gratuitously by sending an *annual request* for the same.

"What? and Why?" is a leaflet giving a brief account of the Society and work in the form of question and answer "Mission Band Leaflets" are original stories written especially for this portion of our work.

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"The Woman's Union Missionary Society of America" was organized in November, 1860, and incorporated in New York February 1, 1861.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1878 by the "WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA." in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

THE MISSIONARY LINK

VOL. XLVI.

FEBRUARY, 1915

No. 2

Entered into Rest, at her home, January 24th, 1915

Sarah Du Bois, daughter of the late Thomas C. and Sarah Platt Doremus.

At the especial request of our Corresponding Secretary, Miss Doremus, no memorial of her is to be printed in THE MISSIONARY LINK, or elsewhere.

September 13th, 1910.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

Because I have been in connection with our Mission so long, I am asking you to grant my last request enclosed. I am sure you will not deny it to

Yours with love and many priceless memories,

S. D. DOREMUS.



GRADUATES AND SCHOOL AT YOKOHAMA.

IN EASTERN LANDS.

JAPAN—YOKOHAMA

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

By MRS. JULIA HAND BRONSON.

MORNING Chapel was over. The lady who "really wanted to understand things," and who had arrived early for an all-day visit, stood with one of the missionaries watching the girls file out.

"They do sing beautifully," she said, "but that is one thing I want to ask you about. I have heard it said that in mission schools much time and attention are given to music. A great many people think it a wrong use of mission funds. Do you not think it an accomplishment?"

"I think our music course here at 212 Bluff one of the most useful departments of the school," answered the missionary stoutly. "In the first place we do not specialize on music, nor train the girls beyond the point where it can be of practical use. But our graduates go out to take their places as leaders in Christian service. Nearly every church organ in Japan and all the chapel organs in the tiny mission preaching places are played by mission school graduates, who teach and lead the sing-

ing as well. The training is invaluable as a direct evangelistic agent."

"But that girl at the piano?" The girls were leaving the room to a simple march played by one of their number.

"I understand you give piano lessons. Surely they cannot be needed in Christian work? And how many of these girls will ever have pianos in their own homes?"

"That," said the missionary, "I admit is an extra. But you see we do not give piano lessons to all, but only to self-supporting girls who care to pay for them. We use the piano as a magnet. Sometimes a girl who is receiving help from the scholarship fund offers to pay for piano lessons, but we always refuse, insisting that if she is able to pay anything it must go toward her support. But this does not happen very often as we are careful to award scholarships only in cases of real need. Sometimes, however, where we see exceptional talent and promise, and where we feel the student can be useful afterward as a teacher, we give piano lessons to our free scholarship girls. That young woman at the piano was a supported girl, and now she is a teacher and paying the mission back in useful service."

"Then missions schools do not use mission funds in giving accomplishments?"

"Oh, never!" said the missionary, quite disturbed. "To be sure we have some extras—flower arrangement for instance, and a little foreign cookery, but these departments are absolutely self-supporting. We are working hard, too, to put the advanced sewing on a self-supporting basis."

The chapel was empty, the music ceased, and the tourist lady followed the missionary to one of the classrooms. The first period is Bible hour all over the school—this being a part of the prescribed course. The third-year class rose to greet their teacher and guest, and a chair was offered to the latter. After a short prayer, Bibles and books, well filled with notes indicating previous preparation, were opened. The visitor expected to hear a thirty-five minute Bible exposition from the teacher. Not so!

What did this mean? Every girl in the class was eagerly alert. Some asked intelligent questions; others took part in spirited discussion of the theme with unconscious freedom. There was not a girl in the class of fifteen members who did not make a contribution that morning. The visitor could not understand a word, for it was all in Japanese, but there was no mistaking those faces—so absorbed, so reverent, so truly interested in the Word of God.

"Is it like this every day?" she whispered. "Every day," said the missionary promptly. "The girls love their Bible study, and we never have a dull or heavy hour."

Speaking later the visitor said: "I suppose all this preparation is compulsory?" "No. They are expected to read over the text, and I ask, but do not require, further preparation; yet the longer and more difficult the assignment the better they seem to like it."

"And is it really practical? Does it help them in their lives?" The visitor had pulled out her little note book.

"Don't," said the missionary. "These results really cannot be tabulated. But there *are* results."

"Such as—?"

"The girls become Christians and join the church. They confess Christ at home when they know it will mean bitter opposition; they work to lead others to Christ; they grow in grace, and they apply these principles of Jesus to their daily lives and actions, as I well know from things they tell me and things I hear about them."

"And yet," said the friend, "I have heard so many people wonder if mission schools

were worth while, and if it would not be better to put our funds and our missionaries entirely into direct evangelistic work."

"Tell them," begged the missionary, "that this *is* direct evangelistic work! It is laying such broad foundations for the future! Where would be our Christian homes were the mission schools blotted out?"

All through that morning the tourist visited classes. She saw girls practicing writing, dipping their brushes in India ink, and making each stroke of their strange ideographs with careful precision; she saw mathematics, chemistry, botany, history and literature, taught by Japanese teachers; she saw English classes, and guessed a little at the patience required by both teacher and students to attain such results. And she asked questions and pulled out her little note book frequently. And the missionary, who was an old friend, laughed and said: "You cannot really write it down—I have tried." "No," said her friend, "I cannot, for it is the *spirit* here that impresses me most."

Nevertheless, when noon came and she saw the girls flocking toward the big dining room, she asked another question. "Does it not spoil them?" "Spoil them?" gasped the missionary. "Yes, does not bringing them to this big comfortable foreign house, and giving them chairs and tables and—and delicious food unfit them for the simple Japanese home life which they must take up later?" "Come and take a peep into the dining room," answered the missionary.

The guest looked. The tables were long and narrow and a foot high, the students sitting Japanese fashion on the matted floor. Dinner was served, but the board did not groan. Each girl had a small portion of fish, a bit of pickle, and rice.

"Is that all?" said the visitor. "All except a small after-dinner cup of tea," answered the missionary.

"But perhaps this is luncheon?" ventured the guest. "No, no, this is dinner. Supper is much simpler. Then each girl will have a small cup of soup with her rice, or else a vegetable—boiled beans for instance—but not both." "No meat?" said the guest. "A little in a stew, once or twice a week for dinner," said the missionary. "No dessert? No sweets?" "No, never," laughed the missionary. Then added honestly, "That is, hardly ever. At Christmas they are given oranges and cakes, and once in a great while some friend may offer them a little

treat of fruit and cake. They have a little chicken scrambled in eggs and served with much rice, but they think it a great treat once a year—at Christmas."

"Do you eat the native food?" said the friend. "Oh, yes, regularly. Miss Loomis has dinner with the girls once a week, Miss Tracy twice, and I dine here on Wednesdays. It is a good chance for informal visiting, and we like them to feel too that what we offer them we are perfectly willing to call our own dinner. Now come and see where they sleep."

The dormitories were bright and sunny, covered with soft mats and had low desks ranged along the walls, but were otherwise devoid of furnishing.

"Where are the beds?" said the visitor. "In the cupboards," answered the missionary, opening a sliding door and showing rolled-up mattresses, folded sheets, and little hard pillows. "These are spread on the floor at night. The girls sleep comfortably, and early in the morning the bedding is well aired and sunned and folded away in Japanese fashion."

"Your girls certainly cannot be accused of riotous living," observed the visitor. "No we are not exactly prodigal on an allowance of forty or fifty dollars a year for each supported girl, and about the same or less from those who pay." "Yet they are wonderfully healthy and rosy and happy looking," said her friend. "Indeed they *are* healthy and happy," cried the missionary, glowing with pride over her children.

"I wanted to ask ever so many more questions," said the traveler regretfully as she and her friend parted that afternoon. "But there is one more I must ask." "What is that?" "What can I do to help you? I do not mean," she added, "just financially, for I contribute regularly at home and mean to do more. But is there anything else I can do?"

"Yes," answered the missionary. "Directly you get on the steamer you will meet crowds of people who have been traveling in the East, who have not visited a mission station in all their travels, nor asked a question, who will be ready with their criticisms on missions and missionaries. They have not looked for us, and they do not know us nor our work, but all the same they will tell you how extravagant we are, how we keep armies of servants, how we dress in silk (the missionary glanced pensively at her year-before-last blouse from home), and live gorgeously (the friend's eyes dropped to the plain, worn matting on the floor and wandered over the old and shabby

but perfectly comfortable furniture). They will tell you that we are spoiling the natives and are not doing much, and that our work is not needed anyway. *You* can tell the truth. Tell people just what you have seen. That will help.

"Then there is another thing. When you get home and are asked to speak before your Church Missionary Society, and begin to tell about us and our school, the ladies will all say: 'Ah, but that Woman's Union Missionary Society is an interdenominational board and we do not believe in that! What is the sense in multiplying agencies in the foreign field and diverting funds from the church board?'"

"Tell them that as to multiplying agencies, as we were the pioneer woman's board, we are the multiple and not the multiplier. And of course we do not want to 'divert funds'—we all belong to churches and help in our own denominational work. All we want is for every one to recognize the privilege and opportunity of doing each one a little more; all we want is the extra dollars that can be spared, which will help so much out here. We are so thankful for every handful of purpose."

"Just what is Union work doing in Japan?" "It strengthens the Churches, it establishes hundreds of Christian homes, it—but you didn't see our Bible Training School. You must come and spend another day visiting it. That sends out every year groups of native women missionaries. Its graduates are working in Japan proper, in Korea and Formosa. One of our former Bible readers is now the wife of a Japanese pastor in Shanghai. We have furnished trained workers not only to our own stations, but to other missions. Applications from these missions are coming in all the time—more than we can possibly fill.

"Can I help in any other way?" asked the visitor. "You can pray much and earnestly for us. We need intercessors most of all. And you can help by telling your friends about us, by training up the children to understand and love missions, by securing our leaflets from 67 Bible House and using them intelligently, and by subscribing to the MISSIONARY LINK. And—" But the friend had reached the door step.

"There seems no end to what you think we can do," she gasped.

"There is no end," said the missionary solemnly, "until the fight is finished and the victory won."

INDIA—CAWNPORE

AT THE BITHOOR FAIR.

By MISS FRANCES WEBB.

"THIS train is quite full; you cannot go; we cannot sell any more tickets," so said the seller when we asked for tickets to Bithoor. We were out on the "King's Business" and intended to go, so we smiled at him as though he were a long lost brother. And finally he said he would see if he could not arrange for our party—Miss Jones, two of our school girls, and myself. What will not a smile do?

We had never been to Bithoor before and did not know just where to go nor what to do, but my co-worker said we would learn by doing, and we did. The two girls were a little behind us as we struck the crowd by the Ganges, and Miss Jones and I stopped for them. We were carrying Gospels and tracts, and to my terror hundreds of men crowded around us and asked what was in our books. Miss Jones ran to call our two girls. I thought of Germans, but tried not to let my voice shake while I answered questions. We soon found they had no intention of mobbing us, but were only curious as to what we had to sell.

The stationmaster told us 15,000 people had come out by train and at least twice that number had come by cart—45,000 Hindus who had come to bathe in the Ganges in order to save their souls.

We went and stood by a road where there was a steady stream of people passing. We always had a group around us, and the girls kept on selling books until they had sold all we had—ninety-two—mostly Gospels and *bhajans*, or Hindu Hymn books. We began by singing *bhajans*, and a number of people would always want to buy the books we were singing out of. We would sell a few and then tell them we had something still better—the Gospels—which they might buy from us. So they would ask what was in them, and the girls would answer, "How to be saved," and several hands would hold out money for them. We could have sold many more hymn books than we brought.

The girls asked some women sitting on a cart why they had come. They said, "To bathe in the Ganges." We asked if that would save their souls. They said it was supposed to, but they did not really know if it would. They only came because their people always did. Our girls said, "We know

about our religion, and if you will read one of the Gospels we have for sale you may know how to be really saved too." But they could not read, poor things! Most of the men could not read either, but of course those who bought the books could.

The people at the fair raised a terrible dust; the sun was hot, and our two girls had been singing and talking nearly all the time. I know their throats were parched and that they were very tired for we stood all the time, but until all the books were sold and all tracts distributed they said not a word about resting. However, when we were through, one of them said, "We must come next year and bring more books and stay longer, but we will bring stools to sit on."

PERSONALS

Japan, Yokohama.—Miss Tracy writes: We have started a teachers' Bible class with Mrs. Bronson as leader, and almost every Japanese teacher attends it, and all take part with great interest. We meet once a week after school, and are taking up practical questions for discussion to discover Christ's teaching. A number of the younger girls are really wishing to be Christians, and Mrs. Bronson has a little class for them. Two of our newer teachers feel that they do not know enough about the Bible and they are coming to me for extra Bible study.

India, Jhansi.—Miss McLean writes: We are quite busy at our *Mary S. A. Hoyt and Maria A. Hoyt Hospitals*, as those who are with us need a great deal of attention. One dear woman who came to us two weeks ago had been ill and suffering for two months. Friends told her not to go to the Hospital for she would surely die. When she reached a place where she could not bear the intense pain any longer she came to us. She was at once made comfortable, and the nurses were so kind that a day or two after she said to me, "Are you so good to every one who comes here?" I told her, "All our patients are treated alike." "Then why," said she, "do people have such wrong ideas of hospitals?"

Now all her friends and relatives show deepest gratitude; and last evening her brother said to me, "What a blessing you are to the people of India, and many of them do not know it. Now we have come and can see for ourselves the work you are doing here for India's women."

HERE AND THERE

DAY OF DAYS

THE fifty-fourth Anniversary was a day of blessing, of fellowship and inspiration, a fair day, when friends could come from near and far to more than fill the Managers' Room in the Bible House both morning and afternoon, while the intervening social hour brought together those of one mind and heart, who seldom meet elsewhere.

The first address of the morning, by Miss Lillian Norton of Calcutta, was based upon God's presence and governing power, during the seven years of her service in Doremus Mission, the Gardner Memorial High School, Zenana and village school work.

Brief addresses of thrilling import were made by our own missionaries and by friends who had visited the stations. Mrs. Mead of Plainfield, just returned from China and Japan, had given a son and a daughter to this work and could speak from the heart of the cost and the joy of the giving. Mrs. DeWitt Knox, our delegate to the Garden City Conference, brought back its lessons for our hearing.

Miss Wells of Yokohama, and Miss Yushida,—a pupil and a teacher at 212 Bluff, and the daughter of a former pupil.—both told of the life there, and of the increasing usefulness of the schools. Dr. Reifsnnyder was asked to bid us good-morning, and added some words of cheer and of satisfaction in the wonderful growth of the medical and evangelistic and educational work in Shanghai. Miss Crosby, of the Japan Mission for forty-four years, was present, also.

Mrs. Shoemaker of the Philadelphia Branch brought greetings, and a word of special pleasure in the presence of Dr. Reifsnnyder and Miss Wishart, its own missionaries.

The important feature of the afternoon was the Annual Report presented by Miss Doremus, summing up the results in the seven stations of the Society. The full reports as printed for 1914 should be read by every one interested in this work.

As the reading of the Secretary's report was finished, she leaned forward on the desk and said impressively, "Three things entered into the formation of this Society—great faith, prayer and strong personal influence—and all these are needed now. Some Christians in a native village could find no place

for quiet prayer, and so they went out into the depths of the forest and each made his little pathway to the retired place; when faith grew small, one would say, 'Brother, has the grass grown on your path?' And so I say to you to-day, Has the grass grown on your path to the place of prayer?"

The President said that these reports from the field showed this to be a work well worth the doing, and then introduced Miss Tappan, under appointment for Japan, who spoke from knowledge of the Mission at 212 Bluff, and who is glad to be going back there, during the furlough of Miss Loomis.

Miss Wishart, of Allahabad, expressed her joy in being present again after six years, and in having a place among those who support their missionaries with continual prayer and love and sympathy. The results of Zenana work cannot be computed, but some things clearly seen are the opened doors, the reorganized life of women and the number of secret believers—the millions waiting for teachers. The meeting was closed with prayer and benediction by Rev. Dr. Peck.

E. W. C.

JAPAN IN TRANSITION

By MISS FLORENCE WELLS

IN some future day historians will point to the present age as the Renaissance of Japan. Changes subtle and changes blatant are gradually or rapidly, as the case may be, taking place within her borders. The surface of the country, the speech, the food, the manners, the customs, the dress, the architecture, all show transition. As the youth passes into manhood, so the Sunrise Kingdom is passing into noonday.

The great roads still run through the country like arteries through the body; but now the ox cart and the pedestrian are learning to keep to one side lest they be run down by the motorcycle and the automobile. Where once the mountain pass wound unchallenged through the valley and over the shoulder of the mountain, now the hissing train sweeps along, high above the mountain torrent, and dashes into the bowels of the earth, emerging in triumph to swing across a glen on a bridge of stone or steel. In rapidly growing cities like Yokohama, or Tokyo, the hills are being levelled and the rice fields are yielding to the encroachment of houses and factories. One cannot but recall the old psalm, "Every valley shall be exalted and every hill shall be brought low."

While even the temporary resident in Japan will notice these physical changes, he will likewise be impressed by the great number of people who will speak English to him. Japan is a land of compulsory education, and all children must receive instruction for six years. It is surprising how many go on into the middle school, where for five years, all boys at least, are taught English. I dare say you may search long to find a village without its English understanding citizen.

Herein lies a warning. The youth of Japan are reading our literature, our classics; they are in the way to get a fair understanding of our ways and our ideals, to appreciate the historic background of our people and the religious atmosphere which has kept our nation alive and strong. Unquestionably, if trouble arises between their country and ours, we cannot say that *they* do not understand *us*.

It is not from books alone, however, that Japan is receiving impetus. Until this year there has been a steady increase in the number of tourists from Europe and America. These people little realize how certainly they leave their impress on the Japanese with whom they come in contact. Then what shall we say of foreigners residing in Japan?—from America and from every nation in Europe, young men and women in business, families, and missionaries and teachers. The right kind of person in Japan is an infinite blessing, while the wrong kind is an incalculable injury to the nation, especially at this formative time. A tourist one day went into the embroidery shop of a Christian, and having bought and paid for something asked that the bill be written down at much lower figures so that she, showing it at the customs in San Francisco, might have less duty to pay. She was astonished when the shop keeper replied, "Madam, I cannot do it, for we are trying to teach our children that 'honesty is the best policy.'"

Formerly in the banks only Chinese were employed, and rumor had it that the reason was the dishonesty of the Japanese; but that cannot be, for now that Japan has learned European banking methods, one sees as many Japanese as Chinese employed in foreign banks.

Foreign cooking has become popular among the men, and it adds to a young woman's matrimonial chances if she is able to prepare American food. The Japanese man on the dining car will almost invariably choose beef steak and potatoes in preference to fish and rice. We notice, too, that a great many wedding feasts are held at the foreign

restaurant; and we are told that it is less expensive than to provide a first-class Japanese feast. Often in private homes and even in country hotels you will be served with one course of French or American dishes. Ice-cream is gaining popularity, but it has a native rival in scraped-ice covered with syrup or fruit juice. Chewing gum cannot seem to make headway among the Japanese, nor chewing tobacco; but beer and cigarettes are not only imported but also extensively produced.

The popularity of the foreign dress, also, is astonishing. One sees it in all stages, one or more garments being Japanese. It is amusing to see a man wearing a full dress native costume and a black silk hat. The English suit is largely used by teachers and by men in business, and middle school students wear military suits. The girls in schools and offices *follow* prevailing styles of hair arrangement, but as a rule follow a year or so behind time. Shoes have found their way into all parts of Japan, largely through the soldiers. Even the Imperial Court has adopted the full European costume, for both its ladies and its gentlemen to wear on state occasions.

The changes in dress effect changes in the architecture. A man in trousers can neither comfortably nor economically sit on the floor; so, sitting on a chair, he must needs have a high table to match; then rather than spoil his soft matted floor, he builds his next house with one or more foreign rooms. Now that transportation is made easy by steam, a great variety of building materials may be had. With the exception of schools, nearly all of the government buildings are of stone or brick, and furnished in European style.

Because of these changes which are stirring the pulse of Japan, and because of the remarkably short time in which these changes and many more have taken place in government circles, other nations expect of her exactly as much as they expect of each other, and forget that she was born into the family of nations but little more than fifty years ago. Fifty years is but a short time in the life of a nation; and while Japan has the appearance of maturity, she is nevertheless a youth with undeveloped possibilities, but full of hope and energy, with her life before her. If she seems sometimes to make mistakes—no doubt her sister countries did the same when they were young. And, never fear, she will not make the same blunder twice. She is reaching out for something from each land, and if each gives her its best, what may not the world expect of Japan in the ages to come!



THE GARDNER MEMORIAL SCHOOL.

FOR MISSION BANDS.

OUR GIRLS AT PLAY

By Miss BESSIE M. WHITE.

IT is said that Indian girls are not athletic. They are studious, quiet and reserved, but they have never had the opportunity to develop athletic instincts as their Western sisters have done.

In order to create such an opportunity and also to encourage social intercourse the Y. W. C. A. of Calcutta decided to arrange for an annual day of sports, in which all the girls' schools in Calcutta should participate.

The first one, held two years ago, was an unquestioned success, and at that time our *Gardner Memorial* girls carried off honors for a very effective flag drill, in which they excelled.

At the second inter-school contest, a year ago, a silver cup was to be presented to those gaining the highest number of marks, and prizes in the various sports were offered.

Although our girls again won the first prize for a pretty scarf drill and also several other prizes, they were not able to secure the much coveted silver cup. Can you imagine the enthusiasm that was displayed throughout our school as the time drew near for the day of sports, just passed. Such excitement has seldom been seen in our quiet school.

A wand drill that was chosen for all the

schools was practiced tirelessly for months until sixteen girls were able to go through it in perfect unison.

The beautiful sacred anthem, "The Lord is My Shepherd," which was selected for the singing contest, was soon perfectly learned. Immediately after classes in the afternoon the girls were to be seen practicing the bean-bag race and the three-legged race amid shouts of laughter. We felt that our chances were very small of winning the fifty-yard dash because our Compound is small compared with that of other schools, but the girls managed to get a little practice by going over to the Y. W. C. A. after school.

At last the great day dawned and we all marched over to the Y. W. C. A., headed by our beautiful new school banner, the gift of friends. All of us felt very loyal as our crimson and gold colors were flying in the breeze.

How pretty and festive the Compound looked when all the different schools were seated around it. The dainty colored, graceful *sari* of the girls with many flags suspended overhead made a pretty effect. There was much cheering as the races began and the girls from the different schools won. A fine spirit was manifested throughout, even from the girls of the losing side. After all was over, the results were read out and prizes awarded

amid much clapping and cheering. The following were the items which interested us most of all:

Singing, first prize—Gardner Memorial; Wand Drill, first prize—Gardner Memorial; Fifty-yard Dash, first and second prizes—Gardner Memorial; Three-legged Race, second prize—Gardner Memorial; Relay Race, second prize—Gardner Memorial; Obstacle Race, first prize—Gardner Memorial; Bean-bag Race, first prize—Gardner Memorial.

The joy of our entire school was unbounded when a handsome silver cup was presented to us. Some of the girls were too overjoyed to sleep that first night afterwards, and in all our hearts was a sense of deep thankfulness. Nothing is too small for our girls to pray over, and the winning of this cup had been the subject of many prayers. It now adorns the walls of our Chapel, where we hope to keep it for many days.

IN OUR MARGARET WILLIAMSON HOSPITAL

By DR. JULIA N. WOOD.

NOT quite a year ago, a package containing toys and books, also some money, came to me, which I was to use as I thought best.

How I wish I could look into your faces and tell you what I am going to write.

The money was put with some sent by a dear friend in America, who had denied herself greatly to give even a little, and cloth for many garments was bought at Christmas time for some of the little children who come to our "Ragged Sunday School" in Shanghai, who suffer greatly from the severe cold in their old garments, although they never complain. How I wish you might have seen their happy faces as they received their little packages!

One day a little boy came to the *Margaret Williamson Hospital* in Shanghai. He was about four years old, and cried most of the time, partly because he had never been made to mind at home and partly because he had to be bandaged every day. Everyone grew tired of hearing him cry and some were quite out of patience. When passing through the Ward I would stop to chat with him, and we became very good friends. He forgot to cry and would even laugh heartily at times. One day I told him if he would try very hard to be good, I had something to give him. The nurse

was to tell me how hard he tried. He won the pretty picture book, and was very happy, taking it home with him when discharged.

The Robinson Crusoe book I gave to a dear little fellow who had come to our Hospital many times for a chronic trouble. He had learned the "Jesus Doctrine," and was very anxious that everybody else should know it too, and so was a real missionary. Always bright, cheery and lovable, he won many friends. The other children of the Ward who could get to his bedside were sure to be entertained. Robinson Crusoe was introduced to many new friends who would have served him quite as loyally as his man Friday.

The dolls were given to little girls who made good mothers. One child was found in the waiting room of our Dispensary, where she had been left one cold day. No one has ever come to claim her, so she belongs to us—a bright, happy, little lady, not quite old enough to go to school. The other also belongs to our Hospital, and this is how it happened: About three years ago a child's faint cry was heard outside our Compound. At first it could not be located, but finally one of the servants hastened to the canal and there saw first the top of a little head. He pulled the baby, a tot of about two years old, out of the water by the hair and brought her quickly to our Hospital. She was nearly dead, but lived nearly three years. She was never strong and well, but thin and puny and generally very sad. Once in a while she would talk and laugh in her queer, old-fashioned way. But she loved her doll, and often went to sleep with it in her arms.

The bamboo buckets were put on the ends of a carrying pole of proper size, made by the gateman for a little lad of three summers. The spirit of Christmas must have come into the gateman's heart too, for the pole and buckets came back wonderfully decorated with evergreens, red paper and small flags. After prayers with the servants on Christmas morning, Fok Paw tried the pole over his shoulder. Very smiling and proud was he to take up this burden.

Miss White writes: In September the girls of the Gardner Memorial School in Calcutta gave a concert, inviting the friends of the teachers and pupils. They wrote the program and painted it with a bunch of violets. A collection was taken, amounting to twenty-five dollars, which is to be used in purchasing many necessary things needed for the school.

RECEIPTS of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, from January 1 to January 31, 1915.

ALLAHABAD, INDIA

N. Y.—Albany Br., Miss Mary Gibson, Treas., Rensselaer St. Bible School, for school, 50.00,	\$50 00
Total,	\$50 00

CALCUTTA

Mass.—Boston Br., Miss M. E. Magrath, Treas., Miss Cora Tuxbury, for Neermola,	25 00
Conn.—New Haven, Mrs. F. B. Dexter —Theodosia D. Wheeler Scholar- ship in Orphanage, Northampton, 40.00; Mrs. L. C. Seelye, for Or- phanage, 25.00,	65 00
N. J.—Ridgewood, Mrs. F. H. White, Helen Eliza White Scholarship, 5.00; Summit, Mrs. F. S. Phraner, two scholarships, 100.00; Miss E. C. Phraner, orphan, 30.00,	135 00
Pa.—Philadelphia, Mrs. John Marston, for Elizabeth Marston,	12 50
Md.—Baltimore Br., Miss E. M. Bond, Treas., Mrs. T. M. Smith, Miss Norton's work,	1 00
Ohio.—Cincinnati, Mrs. S. B. Keys, for Shomo Probha,	30 00
Total,	268 50

CAWNPORE

Mary Avery Merriman School	
Mass.—Lynn, Mrs. H. K. Morrison, for Sundari,	30 00
N. Y.—Albany, Mrs. L. W. Vrooman, for Charity John, 3.75; Brooklyn, Mrs. Calvin Patterson, for Munnee, 20.00; Miss Clare Chapman, for Gwendolen, 20.00; New Brighton, Mrs. J. J. Wood, for Parbulia, 4.00; New York City, Sea and Land Church, Miss Dodd, for Sakhia, 10.00; Schenectady, Miss G. V. Lyle, for Kahira, 4.00,	61 75
N. J.—Bellville, Dr. Elizabeth Allison, for support of orphan for five years,	100 00
Texas.—Harrisburg, Mrs. C. H. Milby, for orphan,	20 00
Total,	211 75

FATEHPUR

Lily Lytle Broadwell Hospital	
N. Y.—New York City, Friend, 15.00; Miss M. M. Roberts, 15.00; Friend, 5.00; Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Ledoux, 50.00; Mrs. R. M. Hoe, 5.00; Mrs. W. G. Dominick, 25.00; Mr. E. Whittelsey, 5.00; Miss Bryce, 10.00; Miss E. W. Dodge, 50.00, for Inasmuch Bed,	180 00
N. J.—New Brunswick, Miss Susan and Miss M. L. Warren, for Prite Pratt's salary, under Dr. Macken- zie, 50.00; Summit, Mrs. F. S. Phraner, Dr. Spencer's salary, 600.00,	650 00
Ohio.—Cincinnati, Mrs. M. M. White, 20.00; Mrs. Clarence Price, 5.00; Mrs. G. D. Eustis, 5.00,	30 00

RESCUE WORK

N. J.—Fanwood and Scotch Plains, Junior League, Miss E. N. Babcock, Treas.,	12 50
Total,	872 50

JHANSI

Mary S. and Maria Ackerman Hoyt Hospitals	
Mass.—Hatfield, "Real Folks Society," Mrs. Roswell Billings, Treas., for support of nurse, and to constitute Mrs. Charles A. Bryne a life member of this society,	50 00
N. Y.—New York City, Mrs. J. Crosby Brown,	5 00
Md.—Baltimore Br., Mrs. T. M. Smith, 1.00; Mrs. Henry Stockbridge, 10.00,	11 00
Total,	66 00

SHANGHAI, CHINA

N. Y.—Albany Br., Madison Ave. Ref. Ch., for Assistant at M. W. Hos- pital, 60.00; Ossining, Miss E. B. Stone, for Miss E. Irvine's salary, 700.00,	760 00
Pa.—Ulster, Mrs. F. C. Dayton, for Miss M. J. Irvine,	5 00
Canada—Quebec, Miss Hope Jack, for evangelistic work,	25 00
Total,	790 00

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN

Mass.—Boston Br., Miss A. J. Mulford, for Bible Reader,	30 00
N. Y.—Albany Br., Madison Ave. Ref. Ch., 60.00; Miss M. L. Leonard, 60.00—for their Bible Readers; Brooklyn, Mrs. Peter McCartee, quarterly for Station, 15.00; Cor- ona, "Leverich Mem'l Band," Mrs. M. Le Fort, Treas., for Bible Reader, 15.00; New York City, Miss Aletta Lent, for Miss Crosby's work, 25.00; Ossining, Miss E. B. Stone, Miss Pratt's salary, 600.00,	775 00
Pa.—Philadelphia Ref. Epis. Ch., Miss M. L. Brearley, Treas., Mrs. Joseph Bartons, quarterly for Bible Reader,	15 00
Total,	820 00

GENERAL FUND

Mass.—Haverhill, Friends, per Miss S. N. Kittridge, 10.00; N. Billerica, Mrs. E. R. Gould, 1.00; Mrs. H. B. Rodgers, 1.00,	12 00
Conn.—New Haven, Mrs. T. G. Bennett, 35.00; Miss Susan Bradley, 11.00; Mrs. F. B. Dexter, 10.00; Miss Dexter, 2.00; Miss E. W. Farnam, 10.00; Mrs. D. C. Eaton, 2.00; Miss Scranton, 10.00; Mr. J. D. Wheeler, 20.00; Miss Rose Munger, 5.00; Mrs. Eli Whitney, 10.00; Norwich- town, Mrs. C. Lane, 2.00,	117 00
N. Y.—Albany Br., 174.50; Astoria, Miss E. B. Smallwood, 5.00; Brooklyn, collected at Clinton Ave. Ch., per Miss Norton, 6.00; New York City, Rev. A. H. Allen, 100.00; Mrs. D. I. Reynolds, for printing, 2.00; Mrs. A. G. Ropes, 10.00; Annual meeting, collection, 111.05; Brooklyn Br., 65.00; Miss E. I. Dauchy, 20.00; Mrs. R. L. Cutter, 100.00; Mrs. E. E. Robinson, 20.00; Platts- burg, Mrs. J. R. Myers, 10.00,	613 55
Pa.—Philadelphia Br., freight on boxes, 1914,	5 00
Ohio.—Cincinnati, Mrs. H. W. Brown,	5 00

Total, 762 55

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO MISSIONARY LINK

Miss A. E. Stephenson, .50; Mrs. J. S. Simpson, .50; Mrs. N. Boynton, .50; Mrs. E. R. Gould, .50; Miss E. B. Smallwood, .50; Mrs. T. D. Smith, (N. Y.), .50; Mrs. Theodore Smith (N. Y.), .50; Miss Tracy, .50; Mrs. F. C. Dayton, 1.50; Miss H. Sutcliffe, .50; Miss A. Ripley, .50; Mrs. S. W. Boardman, .50; Mrs. M. J. Hamlin, .50; Albany Br., 3.00; Miss S. N. Kittridge, .50; Miss M. J. Mulford (Mass.), .50,	11 50
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Total, 11 50

JUBILEE FUND

N. Y.—New York City, Miss Marshall, per Mrs. Broadwell, 5 00

WILLING AND OBEDIENT BAND

Rev. D. M. Stearns, Germantown, Phila., Pa.

Cawnpore.—Miss M. I. M. Morse, for worker (Mercy), 20 00
Miss H. H. Baldwin, for girl, 25 00

Jhansi.—Mrs. E. F. Weston (N. J.), Bible woman, 60 00
Miss M. D. Starr, Mrs. Bayley, for boy, 2 00
Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Ramsburgh, Bible woman, 5 00

Japan.—Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Daniels (Pa.), Sue Kibe, 15 00
Miss A. V. Peebles (Pa.), Yamamoto Take, 15 00
Mrs. J. M. Ham (N. Y.) Mitsui Ishikawa, 30 00
Mr. C. L. Hutchins (Md.), K. I. Yoshida, 5 00
Mrs. C. B. Penrose (Pa.), Harada Shohi, 10 00
Miss E. G. Fradley (N. Y.), Kishi Ono, 5 00
Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Lawson (Va.), Shizu Shimazaki, 60 00
Miss H. Deborah Boone (Pa.), Kiku Yamane, 5 00
Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Ramsburgh (D.C.), Kozukuye Sta., 5 00
J. S. Mann (Kans.), Kikuyo Otsuki, 60 00
Miss E. M. Weeks (Conn.), Suma Murakami, 15 00
Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Head (Ill.), Hisa Murakami, 30 00
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Frederick (Pa.), Suga Mori, 5 00
Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Bisel (Pa.), Yasu Hayaski, 5 00
In memory of mother, Mr. J. Dickson (Pa.), Kosano Sawai, 60 00

Total, 437 00

SUMMARY

Allahabad,	\$50 00
Calcutta,	268 50
Cawnpore,	256 75
Fatehpur,	872 50
Jhansi,	133 00
China,	790 00
Japan,	1,145 00
General Fund,	762 55
Jubilee Fund,	5 00
Link Subscriptions,	11 50

Total, \$4,294 80

CLARA E. MASTERS, Assistant Treasurer.

JANUARY RECEIPTS OF PHILADELPHIA BRANCH 1915

(Mrs. Wm. Waterall, Treas.)

(For contributions for 1914 received too late for December Link, see Annual Report.)

Interest on Elizabeth Schäffer Fund,	\$54 00
" " Agnes W. Leavitt Fund,	15 00
" " Mary A. Boardman Fund,	25 00
" " Rachel Wetherill Fund,	25 00

Through Mrs. B. Griffith:
Mrs. Gustavus W. Knowles, 25.00;
Mrs. Griffith, 10.00, 35 00
Through Mrs. W. W. Farr:
Miss Anna Randolph, 3 00

Total, \$157 00

MISSIONS OF WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

INDIA: CALCUTTA: Gardner Memorial Orphanage, Zenana Work, Day and Sabbath Schools, Village Schools.

Address: Doremus House, 140 Dharantala Street, and Orphanage, 54 Elliott Road, Calcutta, India.

ALLAHABAD: Converts' Home, Zenana Work, Day and Sabbath Schools.

Address: Woman's Union Mission, 6 South Road, Allahabad, India.

CAWNPORE: Mary A. Merriman Orphanage, Zenana Work, Day and Sabbath Schools, Evangelistic Work.

Address: Woman's Union Mission, 122 Civil Lines, Cawnpore, U. P. India.

JHANSI: Mary S. and Maria Ackerman-Hoyt Hospitals and Dispensary, Nurses' Class. Zenana Work, Day and Sabbath Schools.

Address: Mary S. and Maria Ackerman-Hoyt Hospitals, Jhansi, U. P. India.

FATEHPUR: Lily Lytle Broadwell Hospital. Rescue Work.

Address: FATEHPUR: HASWA, U. P.: India,

CHINA: SHANGHAI: Margaret Williamson Hospital and Dispensary, Bridgman Memorial Boarding School, Day and Sabbath Schools, Evangelistic Work.

Address: Medical Missionaries, Margaret Williamson Hospital, Matilda Douw Memorial, 39 Arsenal Road, Bridgman Memorial School, Shanghai, China.

JAPAN: YOKOHAMA: Boarding School, Bible School, Evangelistic Work, Day and Sabbath Schools.

Address: Woman's Union Mission, 212 Bluff, Yokohama, Japan.

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